



# MONTEREY NEWS

SEPTEMBER 1994



## THE TOWN

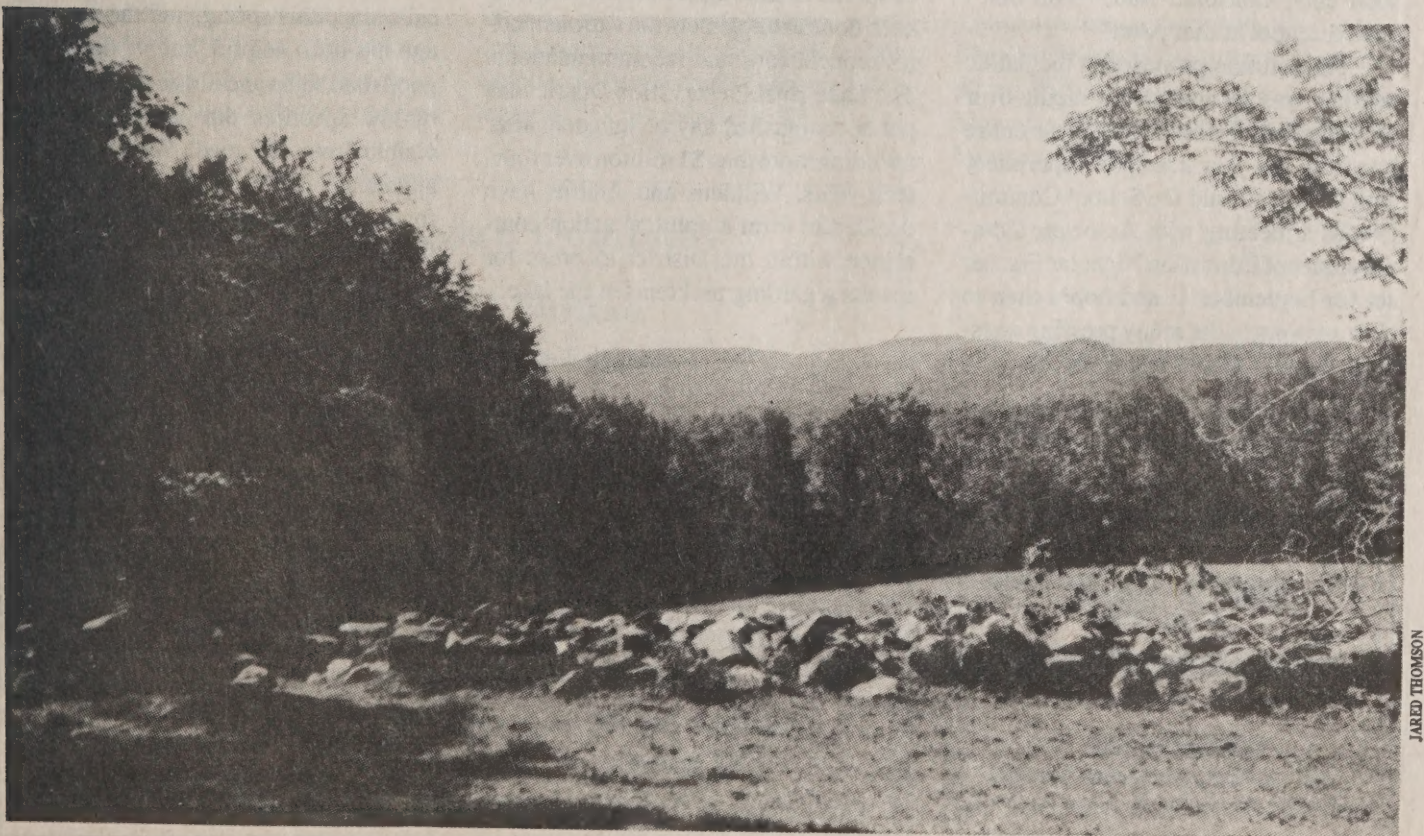
The Selectmen are concerned and irritated at the lack of communication from the State Police to the Monterey Police during a manhunt for two men who escaped from a minimum security prison in Somers, Connecticut, on August 7. Chair Peter Brown characterized the communications as "very, very poor" on the part of the State Police, and the Board was irate that members of the Ohman family were forced to leave their home at gunpoint by mistake, and handcuffed on their front lawn. The two escapees were traced to the Uhlman home on Beartown Mountain Road, but State Police went to the Ohman home on Blue

Hill Road. Although State Police apologized to the Ohmans, Selectman Peter Brown noted that if they had consulted with Monterey law enforcement, the incident never would have happened.

The proprietor of Lee Side Lodge, Matt Williams, was also present at the meeting to make a formal complaint against the State Police. Williams said the State Police had information that the convicts were at Lee Side Lodge, set up headquarters on the premises, and established a road block without notifying him. Williams said that if he had been notified of the situation, he would have kept an eye on the apartment that the two men were headed for, and contacted

Monterey Police at the appropriate time. Williams characterized the efforts of the State Police as "Horrible. Horrible coordination with the Monterey Police Department," and the entire manhunt as dangerous.

Selectman Stefan Grotz composed a letter to the State Police from the Board enumerating complaints about the way the manhunt was handled. In *The Berkshire Eagle* of August 25, Lt. Peter Risatti of the Lee barracks of the State Police was quoted as saying that it was "not true at all" that the State Police did not share information with local police. He went on to say that he had communicated with New Marlborough Chief Paul Harvey, the Great Barrington Police, the environ-



JARED THOMSON

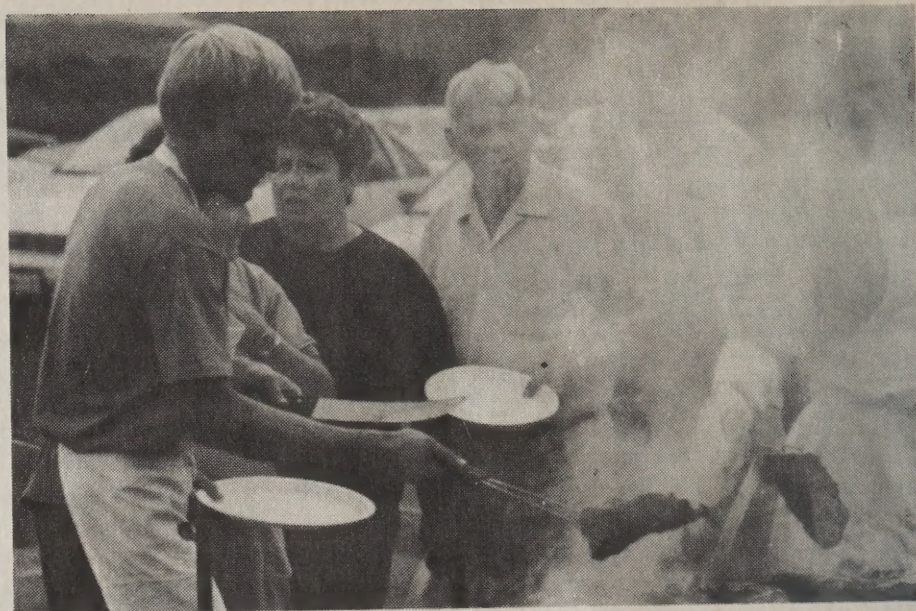


mental police from the state Division of Natural Resources, and park rangers from Beartown State Forest. He did not mention the Monterey Police.

A public hearing was held on August 24 at the firehouse to review the confusion caused by the state education reform law and its impact on the Southern Berkshire Regional School District (SBRSD) budget. Superintendent Thomas Consolati informed Monterey residents of the seriousness of the situation, saying that even if only half the of the possible cuts are made to the budget, it will result in layoffs and fees charged for extra-curricular activities, thus having a direct impact on the children and the quality of their education.

The budget cuts are the result of excess debt service, the amount that Monterey exceeded the state average in its contribution to the new school building. Five member towns in the SBRSD have a debt credit that totals about \$491,000, and Monterey's portion of that is approximately \$63,561. Consolati noted that the state does not plan to reimburse the schools for these cuts, forcing them to slash their budget. Taking such cuts, Consolati said, "You don't have a school at that point."

The solution proposed at the public hearing was to spread the credit over several years, instead of taking the entire bite from this year's budget. Superintendent Consolati said the School Committee has a meeting with Associate Commissioner of Education Nicholas Fischer set for September 1, and hopes then to hear answers to the many pressing questions that the school district faces.



*Last Saturday in July*

MAGGIE LEONARD

Dan Andrus and Matt Williams, representing the Lake Buel Preservation District, met with the Selectmen to discuss the problems of Lake Buel. Numerous scientific studies of the lake have concluded that weed harvesting and draw-down are the best way to control the weeds, but because of what was described as "bureaucratic foot-dragging and uncooperative state agencies," nothing has been done to implement the various studies' conclusions and recommendations. The Lake Buel Preservation District has not accomplished any of its goals after spending more than \$1 million over fourteen years. Williams and Andrus have decided to form a political action committee within the District to press for results regarding problems at the lake.

— Maggie Leonard

## FIRE COMPANY NOTES

Thanks to all who made our annual steak roast successful—those who volunteered to help us feed over 900 people, and all who attended. A special thanks to those who could not attend but contributed to our mortgage payments for the fire station.

We have been responding to 911 calls since this spring, and the new system has been helpful, but we depend on good road signs and house numbers. The by-law specifies that the numbers be visible from the road. We would also appreciate it if those living on private roads would put up visible signs identifying those roads. If you do not know your assigned number, please contact the selectmen (who assigned the numbers). There are many numbers up around town, but there are many more that are not. Thank you.

— Mark Makuc

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## CHURCH NEWS

The Parish Council declared the last Sunday of last month, August 28, "Stewardship Sunday." While it's too early to report on the success of the drive, there's lots to share about the process of getting the drive underway.

It was, strange to say, a delightful experience of community at its best. Strange because money is so often an issue in a small church. Delightful because enough people were involved that no one got burnt out during the process.

The process was actually simple. One church member had new stationery printed for us, stationery lacking a pastor's name, appropriate for the transition period we are in right now. Then the cover letter was born to a committee.

One member built the first draft. His wife, followed by the committee, edited and built on the foundation he provided. The final copy was printed on one committee member's computer, then copied on another member's copying machine. The envelopes were addressed a few at a time, by somebody else who happened to be off from work and available during the week when that needed to be done. Then the letters arrived in your mailboxes. The rest was, and is, up to you.

It is possible that the committee's example of cooperation was simply a preview of your response to the needs of

the church as we seek to attract new leadership and establish a limited but balanced operating budget.

To all of you helping to make this goal a reality by giving of your time, talent, and financial resources, a loud and heartfelt Thank You!

The Church will host an evening of readings to benefit the Southern Berkshire Library Literacy Network at 7:30 p.m. on Saturday, September 10. So join us for "A Potpourri of Prose and Poetry." A number of writers, poets, and journalists have agreed to participate, and some of them will have their work for sale during the intermission. We'll have tastebud treats for sale, too. There will be no charge for admission; donations are welcomed but not required.

Sunday worship service begins at 10 a.m. You're all invited.

— MaryKate Jordan

## DEMOCRATS MAKE PLANS

The Monterey Democratic Town Committee is planning two community-wide activities. Greta Cherneff of Hupi Woods Circle is leading a group developing plans for a tag sale on Saturday, October 8. They haven't yet settled on a location, but all members will be con-

tacted in the near future. Call Greta (528-2949) or Bob Gauthier (528-1624) for more details.

Melvane Dyer-Bennett of Blue Hill Road seeks black-and-white photos of Monterey people and scenes for a town calendar. If you would like to work on creating, printing or marketing this calendar, please call Dan Moriarty (528-9091). Residents may order this limited first edition by sending \$7.50 to Bob Gauthier, Main Road. This very special wall appointment calendar will retail for \$10 in December.

— Bob Gauthier

## CULTURAL COUNCIL NEWS

The 1994-95 deadline for Monterey Cultural Council grants is October 15. The Cultural Council is appointed by the Monterey Selectmen to administer state grant money for the arts, humanities, and sciences. We encourage individuals and organizations to apply. Money supports projects which benefit the Monterey community. If you want to discuss your idea, please call either Lisa Simpson at 528-6888 or Lindsay Pontius at 528-6303. You can pick up a grant application at the Monterey town offices and mail the completed form to Lisa Simpson, Chair, Monterey Cultural Council, PO Box 763, Monterey 01245.

— Lisa Simpson

### Calliope Theatre Company

and

### The Bidwell House

present

## OUR TOWN

*by Thornton Wilder*

**Sunday, September 11, 4—6 p.m.**

Outdoors on The Bidwell House grounds

• Bring a lawn chair •

• Rain moves program to Monterey United Church of Christ •

Tickets \$8 adults, \$5 children

Call 528-6888 for further information

## POTPOURRI

**An Evening Prose and Poetry  
by Berkshire Writers  
to benefit the Berkshire Effort  
for Library Literacy**

**Saturday, September 10  
7:30 p.m.**

**United Church of Christ**

**Donations Accepted**

**Information:**

**Dianna Downing (243-0471)  
or MaryKate Jordan (528-5557)**





## LAND TRUST NEWS

### The Konkapot Is Looking Good

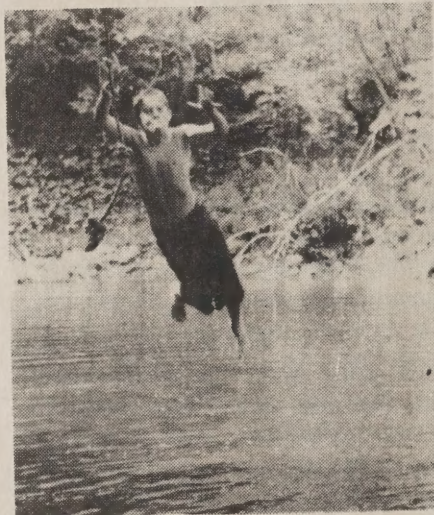
Last spring you may remember receiving a letter from Tom Stokes, president of the Housatonic Valley Association (HVA), and me (then president of the Monterey Land Trust) telling of the "From Source to Sound" Housatonic River clean-up, scheduled this year for September 17. The letter suggested that we look into the needs of our own river, the Konkapot.

In July, Andrea Dunlop, our current Board president, went to an organizational meeting called by the HVA, where she learned the following: For obvious reasons, insurance is a must, and, in the case of rivers, expensive; police and EMT personnel must be notified and ready to aid in an emergency; the clean-up is best done in groups, and each group has a leader who is in touch via radio/phone with the aforementioned officials in case of mishap; at the end of the day each town makes its own arrangements for trash collection.

These requirements seemed somewhat daunting, but we decided to check out two access sites: Bidwell Park and the swimming hole on River Road. Bid-

well Park turned out to be pristine (largely due to the efforts of David Ziegler, no doubt) and the swimming hole yielded six Budweiser cans, a rusty bit of car fender, and some odds and ends of kids' clothing. Period. We have since talked to a number of people who live on or near the river, and they report that the area in their immediate vicinity is clean. All in all, the news is good. Paul Perces, whose land adjoins the river, commented that in his estimation people are more aware these days of the river's fragility and consequently take greater care. In the end, we decided to offer the "From Source to Sound" effort the use of our labor as they see fit.

Incidentally, included in the letter Tom and I sent last spring was an HVA



membership appeal. It is nice to report that more than thirty Montereyans responded.

We hope that everyone, but especially those of you who joined, will be on hand September 17. We might go to Great Barrington, Lee, New Marlborough, or Stockbridge. Pittsfield is the neediest—i.e., trashiest—and would greatly appreciate the help of anyone willing to make the trek. I hope we could and would carpool to the chosen locations.

Those interested can call me (528-6785) or Andi (528-6609). We will have more information by the time this is published.

—Joyce Scheffey

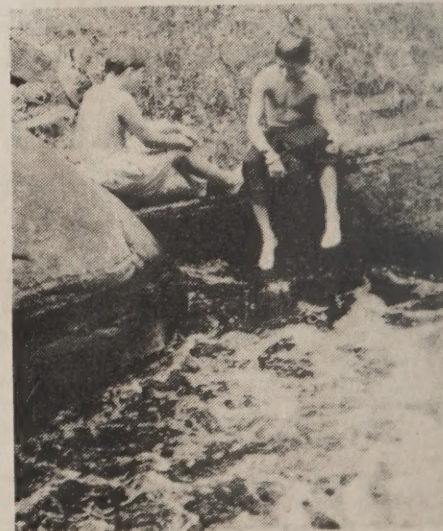
## MONTEREY GRANGE

The Monterey Grange No. 291 met on August 17 for Youth Night. Area youth conducted the meeting, furnished an enjoyable program, and held a fund raiser for youth projects. Youth officers were: Master, Robert Austin (Canaan, New York); Overseer, Charles Slater (Monterey); Lecturer, Susan Van Deusen (Sheffield); Steward, Richard Hardisty (Monterey); Assistant Steward, Bruce Barnum (West Stockbridge); Lady Assistant Steward, Mary McLelland (West Stockbridge); Chaplain, Michael Britton (Umpachene); Treasurer, Anne Vickerman (Monterey); Secretary, Edna Leavenworth (Monterey); Gatekeeper, Florence Janes (Monterey); Ceres, Patricia Holohan (Monterey); Pomona, May Clark (Umpachene); Flora, Eleanor Kimberley (Monterey); Executive Committee, Tolitha Butler and Florence Brown (Monterey), and Lucy Ann Britton (Umpachene); Pianist, Elizabeth Slater (Monterey).

Several members recently attended Neighbors' Night at Stockbridge Grange No. 295. There will be a fund raiser on November 16, with tickets soon available, and the Monterey Grange will have an exhibit at the Blandford Fair.

The next meeting will be September 7 at 8 p.m., an open meeting at which State Treasurer Alicia Brazie and Suite will install the officers.

—Fraternally,  
Mary Wallace, Lecturer



MAGGIE LEONARD



## THE BIDWELL HOUSE

Three exciting educational events are planned for this September at The Bidwell House.

On Saturday, September 10, from 1 until 4 p.m., I will lead a walk through our herb garden focusing on the many uses of herbs in the eighteenth century. The cost is \$5 for non-members and \$3 for museum members. The raindate is Sunday, September 11.

Each plant presently in the garden is documented as an herb used in the eighteenth century. Colonists used their herbs for much more than flavoring food. Housewives and midwives used herbs for medicinal purposes as well as for skin care, to scent rooms with potpourri, or to repel moths and other bugs.

On Sunday, September 11, from 4 until 6 p.m., Calliope Theatre Company will present a special outdoor performance of Thornton Wilder's classic look at New England life, *Our Town*. Lindsay Pontius, who lives in Monterey, is Director of the Calliope Theatre Company. Lindsay's troupe recently performed *Our Town* and a number of other plays in Germany. One cannot think of a more appropriate setting for this play than The Bidwell House grounds, with our lovely home, outbuildings, rock walls, and trees as a backdrop.

Please bring a lawn chair and comfortable walking shoes. Tickets are \$8 for adults and \$5 for children. If it rains, the performance will be held in the Monterey United Church of Christ on the same day at the same time.

Finally, on Tuesday, September 13, at 5:30 p.m., the Massachusetts Forest Service is hosting a program at The Bidwell House on their Forest Stewardship Incentive Program. This program, which is open to private individuals and non-profit organizations which own between 10 and 1,000 acres of forested land, provides financial assistance for projects which promote forest stewardship. This is the third year in which The Bidwell House has been involved, and so far we have created hiking trails, mowed fields, installed bluebird nest boxes, and improved areas of our forest. This workshop will discuss how non-profits can

benefit from the program but will also be of interest to preservationists and other landowners. It is free of charge.

For further information, please call me at 528-6888 during business hours. I hope to see you for these wonderful events at The Bidwell House.

— Lisa Simpson



*Rebecca Childs in the land of Oz*

## MONTEREY LIBRARY NOTES

*The Wizard of Oz* was performed at the Monterey Library on August 10. It starred Rebecca Childs, Annabelle Edelman, Aaron Goldfarb, Claire Mielke, Dinah Mielke, Alex Newman, Andrew Shaw, and Emily Shaw

Children and parents were treated to a delightful afternoon. Hats off to the Berkshire Public Theater staff, who produced this performance with an hour and a half of rehearsal time, and brought wonderful costumes and props.

We thank the Massachusetts Cultural Council and the Monterey Cultural Council for funding and administration of the program. To the children who performed: You were all super, and we hope we have an opportunity for an encore.

— Anne-Marie Makuc

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## CHILDREN'S HEALTH

Parent-child playgroups will begin in thirteen towns this fall. In playgroups children gain experience with other children and still have the security of Mom or a trusted adult; the isolated child can learn about sharing and other children; toddlers may observe infants. All playgroups will begin the week of September 12, except the Southfield (New Marlborough) group, which will begin September 20. Here is a schedule edited for Monterey readers:

**Tuesdays, 1-3p.m.** Simon's Rock Gym in Great Barrington, led by Melissa Heath.

**Thursdays, 9:30-11:30 a.m.** Simon's Rock Gym in Great Barrington, led by Jane Whittaker, Greta Gentile.

**Mondays, 9:30-11:30 a.m.** Calvary Christian Chapel in Housatonic, led by Miriam Cervera.

**Mondays, 9:15-11:15 a.m.** Otis Town Hall, led by Rhonda Winters.

**Day to be announced.** Sandisfield Community Center, led by Lauren Kinneman.

**Tuesdays, 9:30-11:30 a.m.** Ladies' Aid Hall in Southfield, led by Nanci Worthington.

There are no rigid rules of attendance at playgroups; during the playgroup, parents and children come and go as their schedules dictate. However, CHP recommends that children be immunized and that children and parents not attend playgroup when either is ill. All children must be accompanied by an adult, and smoking is not permitted. The leader sets times for playing together, reading stories, crafts, and singing. Snack time is also an important part of the schedule, and parents take turns providing juice and crackers or fruit. Parents are encouraged to participate in all aspects of playgroup, to be aware of what their children are doing, and encourage them to behave appropriately. We ask parents to assist the playgroup leader by cleaning up after their children and helping with end-of-playgroup cleanup.

The playgroup program is funded by Berkshire United Way and some smaller grants.

Parent to Parent Volunteer Program welcomes these new volunteers who have completed the summer training: Debra Brazie, Miriam Cervera, Judy Govak, Loren Kinneman, Shirley Lehrer, Judy Moss, and Claire Rosenberg. The next volunteer training will be held in October.

Mindy Domb of Pittsfield is sponsoring a Discovery Toy Party October 18 to benefit Children's Health Program and the Pediatric Development Center in Pittsfield. For those planning special purchases for the holidays, catalogues

will be distributed through playgroups in September. Orders and checks need to be returned by October 18. For more information, call Claudette or Miriam at 528-9311.

Parent-infant social hour will be held on Tuesdays, 1-3 p.m., at the Simon's Rock Gym. Siblings are invited, as playgroup is in session at the same time. This is a good place for new parents to meet one another and learn about services in the area.

We will go apple-picking at Windy Hill Farm on Route 7, Great Barrington, on September 21, 11 a.m.-1 p.m. Wear boots (ground and grass may be wet) and bring a picnic lunch. There will be a small charge for apples picked.

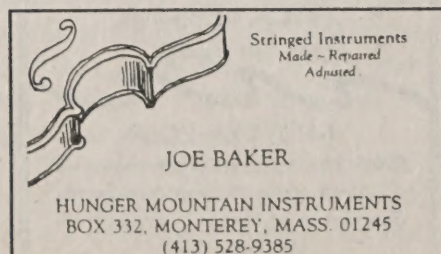
This fall the following Parenting Workshops will be sponsored by the Southern Berkshire Task Force on Families and Children:

**September 17 Parent's Day Off** led by Ted Tchack, Bear Care Center in Great Barrington, 9:30 a.m.-3 p.m. Daycare and lunch available. Preregistration required. Call Claudette at 528-9311.

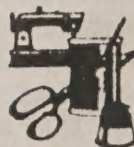
**September 21 Child Development**, infant through age two, led by Marcia August, Bear Care Center in Great Barrington, 6:30-8 p.m. Childcare available, preregistration required. Call Claudette at 528-9311. \$2 charge for materials.

**September 28 Child Development**, pre-school age, ditto September 21.

— Claudette Callahan



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## MOUNT EVERETT WELCOMES NEW STUDENTS

The Mt. Everett Guidance Office will be open on August 24, 25, 26 and 29 between the hours of 9 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. for registration of new students to the district, as well as to handle last-minute course changes for students in grades nine through twelve.

Parents registering new students in grades seven through twelve are asked to call 229-8734 for an appointment prior to visiting the office. The appointment will assure a complete orientation to the school, including a tour of the facilities, without waiting or feeling the pressure of other families visiting. Please allow approximately forty-five minutes for the registration procedures.

Parents wishing to register new students in kindergarten through grade six are asked to call the Undermountain Elementary School Principal's office at 229-8754.

The following items are needed for the registration process: a birth certificate or other proof of age for each student; permanent academic and health records, and the student's previous year's report card.

Massachusetts law requires all students to show proof of immunization prior to attending school in September. Thus parents are required to bring a doctor's certificate of immunization for each child. Students CANNOT ATTEND SCHOOL without such proof!

A final reminder to students: last-minute changes in schedules for grades nine through twelve due to failure of required subjects, summer school enrollment, or change in career plans must be made prior to the first day of school. Please call to make an appointment with your guidance counselor.

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## SOLID WASTE NEWS

Bob Gatten, our transfer station attendant, reports that he is often asked for information on hazardous waste. He says that people are very concerned about this issue, as well they should be.

The Commissioners of the eleven towns of the Southern Berkshire Solid Waste District voted at their June meeting to purchase 2,800 Household Hazardous Waste Wheels, which tell you how best to handle everything from batteries to paint cans. They were purchased from EHMI, a nonprofit environmental organization, for a dollar each (a saving of 76¢ per wheel). We had \$1,434.64 left over from our SWEEP grant, and the rest of the money came out of district funds.

The wheels have been divided between the eleven towns on a per-capita basis. Monterey's allotment is only 187, so we hope those who acquire them will spread the word and share them with others. Bob Gatten has been offering the wheels to those who make inquiries about hazardous waste at the transfer station. They are also available at the town offices until they run out.

Within the last month, the people who sort plastics for recycling at The Master Garbologist have retrieved three syringes on the sorting line—without accidental injury, luckily. These are the first such dangerous items ever to show up there.

Needles, syringes, and lancets are *not* recyclable. Such waste, as well as other sharp objects like broken glass or tin can lids, and bleach left in bottles, can be hazardous to recycling handlers. Sharps should be placed in puncture proof, hard plastic or metal containers that you can't see through, with lids that screw on tight or are reinforced with tape. The sealed containers belong in the regular trash—what goes from Monterey into an industrial incinerator or approved landfill, the non-recyclable stuff.

The consequences of sharps carelessly or unwittingly tossed out shows yet again the need for awareness and cooperation, the lifeblood of effective recycling. We're doing very well at this in Monterey, despite an article in *The Berkshire Eagle* August 8 stating that

Berkshire County lagged behind the state in recycling. This was misleading, as the state includes different materials from what we country folk do—yard waste, compost, etc.—in its calculations. I wrote a letter to the editor about it, which they may or may not print. Just in case they don't, I want you to know that Monterey's 26.1 recycling rate (ratio of recyclable tonnage to total tonnage of landfill or incinerator waste plus recyclable waste) is, as previously reported, excellent. Also, Monterey was not listed in the original story along with the other towns in the recycling rate table. This was corrected in the *Eagle* the next day.

"Oh, that this too, too solid waste would melt."—Our feelings precisely, and specifically whenever we see the overflowing old newspaper shed at the transfer station. Once upon a time, long before the days of recycling bins, newspaper was put in a nice old shed at the Town Dump; these days when the newspaper container is full, the old dogs who have trouble with new tricks head for the now-defunct shed. The result is horrendous.

PLEASE, WHEN THE NEWSPAPER CONTAINER IS FULL, SAVE YOUR PAPERS FOR NEXT TIME.

If that truly presents an impossible problem, put them into the compactor. We are working to get a second paper container, and hope to move the shed to another site for a worthwhile purpose. Please bear with us.

—Joyce Scheffey

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## ONE MANHUNT, TWELVE STORIES

Bob Gatten, who lives at Lee Side Lodge, left his apartment at seven o'clock or so on Monday morning, August 8, and was asked by a man who got out of a red pickup truck parked in the lot if he knew where at Lee Side Lodge a particular person lived. Bob told him and thought nothing more of it that day.

Mick Burns made a trip from Harmon Road in Monterey to Wyman Lumber in Hartsville mid-morning on Tuesday, August 9, and was stopped four times (twice each, going and coming) at roadblocks manned by state troopers, one at the intersection of Route 23 and River Road, and the other in the center of Hartsville. The troopers told him they were looking for two convicts who had escaped from a Connecticut prison and were believed to be in the Lake Buel area. They were said to be wearing white tee-shirts. At the sawmill, Chuck Wyman was carrying a few (duly registered) pistols and a no-nonsense attitude.

Late Tuesday morning, after hearing about the search for the escapees, Peter Murkett called Camp Half Moon on Lake Buel, where his six-year-old son was romping with the rest of the kids there. He was told that the police had asked them to keep the children inside without telling them of the manhunt, so as not to alarm them unduly. He then called the Lee barracks of the State Police, and was told that there were many troopers very close by, as well as dogs, a helicopter, and a boat patrolling the lake, and that the children ought to be safe. He then talked with his neighbors Chris Aidun and Susan Weiner, who also had a young son at Camp Half Moon. Together

they called the camp again in the early afternoon, and learned that they were back to normal activities; the police believed the convicts were no longer in the immediate area.

Riley Murkett and Alex Aidun were picked up after camp at 4:30 p.m., as usual. They knew all about the search for the escaped "gunvicts."

Monterey Police Chief Gareth Backhaus was out of town working at his regular job when his wife Rita received a call from the Great Barrington police at 9:53 a.m. on Tuesday, August 9, requesting help manning a roadblock at the intersection of Lake Buel Road and Route 23. Rita called Walt Nourse, a police officer who lives in Sheffield and is authorized to assume Monterey police duties in Gareth's absence. Walt came out, and was asked by the Great Barrington police to secure a boat to patrol Lake Buel. He went to North Cove and borrowed Chris Cobb's boat, which Craig Scott, an environmental police officer, then used to patrol the perimeter of the lake. Walt searched around lakeside cottages in North Cove and Gibson's Grove, telling anyone he met all he knew (that two escaped convicts were believed to be nearby), and suggesting to mothers with children that they might want to run some errands in town for the afternoon if they felt uncomfortable at home under the circumstances.

New Marlborough Police Chief Paul Harvey received a call from the State Police before 10 a.m. Tuesday. They asked him to patrol Route 57 between New Marlborough Village and Hartsville. He said he did.

Ian Jenkins had been working at home on Tuesday in a second-floor office; his house sits at the intersection of Fairview and Beartown Mountain Roads. It was mid-afternoon when he heard some noise outside, and went to a window. There were four or five police cars on the road, and several officers in his yard (some were uniformed troopers, some wore plain clothes, and others had on dark grey camouflage jumpsuits with combat boots). When he asked if he could

help, one brusquely said, "Yeah, come out here." Ian went to the door and was met by an officer in plain clothes in a half-crouch by a stone wall with his pistol raised.

The officer quickly decided Ian was not the person they were after, lowered his gun and explained their search, saying that they were looking for Parker Uhlman's residence on Beartown Mountain Road. Ian said he didn't know where that was, but invited them in to use the phone and ask Maynard Forbes at the General Store, or Ray Tryon, Monterey Fire Chief. They were unable to reach either Ray or Maynard. Ian asked if the escapees were dangerous, and a jumpsuited officer said "Yeah" while a uniformed state trooper tipped his hand in an equivocating gesture, as if to say, "Maybe, maybe not."

The officers then continued searching around nearby houses; Ian went inside and locked the doors. He phoned Ray Tryon again at his home, and got through; he left Ray on the line and went out to get an officer, but was told it was no longer necessary, that they'd just caught the fugitives. After that the police relaxed, and the STOP team officers joked with Ian about how they were so far from their usual turf near coastal Massachusetts that they were about to get a nosebleed.

Mike Ohman, age nineteen, his brother Kevin Ohman, sixteen, and their friend Thomas Goewey, sixteen, were all hanging out at the Ohman's house on Blue Hill Road Tuesday afternoon. Margy Ohman, Mike's and Kevin's mother, had called earlier from her job at Undermountain School in Sheffield to tell them of the manhunt, urging them to lock the doors and stay inside.

All at once four or five police cruisers came halfway down the drive, and the boys saw men running around the house. Tom walked toward a sliding glass door at the rear of the house. Suddenly a man he said was dressed in black clothes from head to foot, wearing combat boots, a bullet-proof vest with a teargas canister clipped to it, a baseball cap, and dark glasses came up outside with a pistol trained on him. He yelled at Tom to raise

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his hands and come outside slowly. At the same time Kevin Ohman, walking toward another back door, was confronted by a man with a shotgun wearing a polo shirt, who likewise commanded him to raise his hands and come out. The officers kept asking the boys their names, addresses, and telephone numbers while they made them lie face down outside and handcuffed them, except Kevin, who was forced to a kneeling position by an officer behind him who held Kevin's hands in a tight grip on top of his head. The boys weren't sure of their street address, due to the newness of the 911 numbering system in town.

The police soon determined that the boys were not the fugitives, despite confusion over the street address, despite the fact that two of the boys more or less fit the description of the escapees, and despite the open cellar window which the Ohman house cat uses to come and go, but which the police took for a sure sign of a break-in. The officers apologized profusely to the boys, explained as much as they could, and asked Mike's permission to search the house, which he willingly granted, and they quickly did.

The police promised to call their families that evening to apologize and explain some more. Then they left. Margy Ohman took the call later on, which came promptly at seven o'clock.

Steve Hannum, who lives in Sheffield and regularly drives a truck for Federal Express in Monterey, heard about the manhunt during the day over WSBS, which is where he learned that one of the escapees was tall (6'1", 170 lbs.), and the other not so tall (5'6", 140 lbs.). Police were present in force on Beartown Mountain Road late in the afternoon, and Steve was stopped on his way to deliver a package to an address at the far end of Beartown. On his way back in toward town, he passed two men walking who fit the description, told the police a mile down the road, and the men were captured without further incident.

There were other stories floating around on Tuesday and the following few days, often more colorful than factual. Maynard and Ray mentioned pick-

ing up a call on the scanner from a trooper asking headquarters how to release his shotgun from its holder in the cruiser.

Some said Wayne Burkhart had been run off the road by speeding police, probably while carrying a huge round hay bale on his small, hard-used Datsun pickup. Asked if this were true, Wayne chuckled and said, "No, I don't know where that one came from."

John Owen says he was heading east on Route 23 near Rudy Gero's house when a cruiser with its siren screaming came rocketing down the hill "two-and-a-half or three feet" over the line on his side, forcing him nearly into the guard rail. He made no formal complaint to the Selectmen or police.

Lt. Peter Risatti, a resident of Tyngsboro who is a state trooper stationed at the Lee barracks, commanded the State Police forces in the manhunt for two men who escaped from a Connecticut minimum security prison on Sunday, August 7. The information coming in to the Lee barracks between Sunday and Tuesday morning was that the men might be headed for Monterey, that one had threatened to kill a man residing in Monterey, that this was his second escape from prison, and that he would face a ten-year mandatory sentence if captured. Lacking confirmation of the fugitives' presence here, Lt. Risatti took the position that "if we get that information, then we'll act on it."

Confirmation of their presence came at about 9:30 a.m. on Tuesday, ("a very inopportune time, because everybody was not in position") when he dispatched a trooper to the public boat ramp at Lake Buel, where he had reason to believe he might find the fugitives. The trooper saw a truck which checked out as being stolen, and pursued it from the boat ramp. The truck turned into the Seven Arts/Camp Half Moon drive off Route 57, and the occupants fled on foot toward Lake Buel.

Lt. Risatti then dispatched more officers to the scene, as well as troopers with dogs and a helicopter. Soon there were "twenty or twenty-five" State Police involved in the manhunt. He called for roadblocks to be set up with the help

of the Great Barrington police, one at the intersection of Lake Buel Road and Route 23, one at River Road and Route 23, another in Hartsville, and he stationed a cruiser on Corashire Road. The police expected the men might swim or steal a boat to cross Lake Buel and escape the dogs, then perhaps steal a car and flee south into Connecticut. The dogs consistently lost the trail at water's edge.

At about noon, a woman living near the Lake Buel General Store reported that she had locked her door before leaving home on errands, and returned to find the door standing open. Police surrounded and searched the house, but found it empty. At one o'clock Lt. Risatti called in a STOP (Special Tactical Operations Police) team against the possibility that the men would end up barricaded in a house, possibly with hostages. The eight man team (four troopers from western Massachusetts, and four from the eastern part of the state) was commanded by Sgt. Maroni in the field, while Lt. Risatti remained in charge from the Lee barracks.

Later in the afternoon, information from the telephone company indicated that the convicts had used a telephone in the Uhlman home. The name "Uhlman" (Parker Uhlman, 190 Beartown Mountain Road) became confused with the name "Ohman" (Conrad Ohman, 92 Blue Hill Road), and efforts to locate the specific phone were confounded for about an hour. Calls to the town offices, the Post Office, and Ray Tryon were all initially fruitless. The two homes are not far apart, and the fugitives could have been at either place. The telephone company specified pole #36 on Beartown Mountain Road, but there were several poles bearing that number on that road.

In quick succession, the Ohman home was surrounded and searched, and Ian Jenkins was asked for information at his home. Police were working their way out Beartown Mountain Road when FedEx driver Steve Hannum stopped to say he'd just passed two men walking who fit the radio description. They were in custody without further incident by 5:30 p.m.

— Peter Murkett



## LAKE GARFIELD DRAWDOWN ANNOUNCED

After reviewing the Order of Conditions for the drawdown of Lake Garfield, the Monterey Conservation Commission has recommended that the Selectmen begin a three-foot drawdown of the lake for the winter of 1994-95 no later than October 1, 1994, to be completed no later than October 15, 1994. The refill should begin on or about February 15, 1995.

## COMMUNITY DINNER

The September community dinner will be held on Wednesday, September 14, at 6:30 p.m. in the social room (basement) of the Monterey United Church of Christ. Please bring a dish to share and your place setting; we will provide beverages.

Special guests for the evening will be Sweet Sing Revival, a talented group of singers and musicians including Monterey's own Judy and Arnold Hayes. They will present a concert of vocal music from the Swing Era of the 1930s and '40s. Come and enjoy the fun!

— Lisa Simpson



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## HISTORY OF TEMPERANCE IN MONTEREY, PART II

In The Bidwell House archives is an important document from the local temperance movement, the record book of the Tyringham Washington Total Abstinence Society, dated 1843–1850. It is handwritten, beautifully bound in leather, and records meetings of the society, the names of members, and gives a brief history of the local temperance movement prior to 1843.

The author (possibly the Society's president, John Devotion Bidwell) remembers a temperance organization formed sometime between 1833 and 1835, but, he wrote, "the pledge was so loose or liberal that it went by the board." Another society was attempted in 1840 or 1841, but "the pledge was not tetotal, and that fact occasioned a withdrawal of a part of the community and perhaps some other matters and things aided thereto." He proudly goes on to state that the new organization, called the Tyringham Washington Total Abstinence Society was formed March 17, 1843 "with the genuine sine qua non Tetotal" This group's constitution reveals beliefs found in the national movement:

We the subscribers being desirous to promote the Temperance cause by all proper and judicious measures; and considering it to be second to no other moral movement of the day or age in which we live, producing in its consequences astonishing results in the renovation and happiness of multitudes of our fellow citizens, do hereby enlist and enroll our names on the catalogue of Tetotalers from its intrinsic worth to ourselves and the community in which we live and bind ourselves to be governed by the following Constitution and Pledge.

Followed by six articles and this pledge:

We the undersigned, do agree that we will not use intoxicating Liquors, not traffick in them as a Beverage; that we will not provide them as an article of entertainment, or for persons in our employment; and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use throughout the community.

There were 126 names on this first list, 79 women and 47 men.

The minutes of the meetings make for dry reading—unfortunately, no scandals. In early meetings the choir sang songs like "The Reformer's Influence," "The Drunkard's Wife," and "Temperance Dialogue," all written by John W. Bidwell. If only we could find the words and music!

The meeting on September 3, 1843, was more interesting than most. Mr. J. D. Bonner, editor of the *Berkshire Washingtonian* (a Temperance newsletter?) spoke on the colossal drawings of Doctor Séwall, which were also on exhibit. This was followed by a

"geographical sketch of the Drunkard's course." The guest speaker on September 30 was Mr. Stainsby, the Berkshire County Temperance Agent. The meeting was held at the schoolhouse in "Factory Ville" (?), and he gave an "address in an interesting manner in relating his personal experience from an upright to a horizontal position; his story was told, notwithstanding the sneers and contempt of some whose envy burst through all bounds of Christian courtesy."

The record reveals disagreement. The minutes for October 27, 1843, note that a committee was formed to meet with another society to see if the two could merge. Two months later the Washington Total Abstinence Society of South Tyringham was formed. The writer noted

with much bitterness that this was done to "harmonize all conflicting views on temperance and sectional jealousies." The new group had 256 members, 127 men and 129 women.

There was a new set of resolutions adopted in July, 1846, providing that "each member of the society shall consider himself a Vigilant Committee to search out these hidden dens of pollution and report the same to the prosecuting committee."

It is interesting to speculate on what caused some to sign pledges, while others chose not to. It must have been difficult for those in the business of making or selling liquor. No doubt they felt the peer and religious pressure, but what could they do? Behind the list of carefully written names must lie

fascinating stories of struggle within individuals and families over where to stand on this issue.

The temperance group likely continued past 1850 (the last date in the notebook), because there was no mention at that time of disbanding. But by 1868, when women in town petitioned the Selectmen regarding Albert Tryon's bar, there seems to have been no Society, or surely the petition would have mentioned it. As with many reform movements, the initial zeal may just have worn out.

— Lisa Simpson



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## SUN IN THE WOODS

*We think of sunrises (sunset, too),  
As theatrical light productions requiring  
For the full effect, ocean reaches,  
Mountain ranges, the big sky, illumined,  
But in the woods there's sunrise, too.*

*The light steals in quietly as dawn  
begins:  
Familiar trees take on their civil shapes;  
The forest shifts from gray to green, a  
bird sings,  
Flowers appear, white baneberry,  
helleborine;  
Ferns are nodding that were all night  
unseen.*

*And then a ruby blazes in the low  
branches,  
Disappears, returns, reduplicates, a  
morula,  
Into rutillescent fragments held together  
In a web of woody, leafy lace.*

*A shaft of rainbow flicks into being  
In the morning mist, illuminates a mossy  
rock,  
A range of parallel beams appears by the  
first  
While treetops to the west turn rosy, turn  
Green-gold, as the slow clock of the sun  
Thrusts its hands deep into the receiving  
woods.*

— David P. McAllester



*bitterness comes  
again less—  
leaving room for falsehoods—  
rubble of how we thought to speak—  
seasons don't speak like that—  
only do you want it—  
want to?*

— Connell McGrath

*Deep Call Deep Chant  
My Drum Beneath Your Skin  
Drop Your Gold Rays  
Find Me With Your Hands  
Can't Scratch Out This Angel  
We Ain't Data  
Don't Make Music Run Backward  
Shake Me, Get Home*

— Mark Mendel

*The poem above is the text of a work by Christopher Janney called "Percussion Discussion," a conversation between jazz drums and Indian tabla, with electronic drum pads which trigger words. The work was performed at Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors in New York City on August 20.*



## DAYBREAK

*Dawn peeps over the horizon!  
A turkey flies down from her roost in a  
tall tree;  
Then the chickadees come...  
First one, then two or three, then more  
Like dry leaves dropping from branch to  
branch  
In the hemlock outside my window—  
Coming for their sunflower seeds and  
suet.*

*(The sun rises)*

*Nuthatches and titmice join them,  
And grosbeaks, blue jays and  
woodpeckers.  
A rooster crows.  
A cardinal calls.  
Another day has begun.*

— Eleanor Kimberley

## CONTENTMENT

*Here am I, in my little farmhouse,  
Paring apples, in the lamplight,  
While, outside, a wind is rising;  
It is autumn, but my world is right.*

*In the town, are redder apples,  
In the town, are brighter lights,  
But Want, too—Want stalks the city,  
Terror walks the streets by night.  
Minds are restless with the question,  
“In what orbits are we whirled?  
What is changing? What is coming?  
What has happened to our world?”*

*I know season follows season.  
This is autumn; but my world is right—  
I, within my little farmhouse,  
Paring apples, in the lamplight.*

— Margery Mansfield  
(from *A Berkshire Settler*)

## THERAPY

*I love you  
I love you  
I love you  
I love you!  
said old Miss Tannenbaum  
to herself in the mirror.  
The whole day went a lot better after that  
she thought*

— A. O. Howell

## SONG

*And still I weep  
Deep, deep in sleep  
And waking reap  
The fruits of weep-  
ing deep in sleep.*

— Patricia Howard





## JUNCOS IN THE JASMINE

My jasmine plant is about to bloom, finally. I bought it a year and a half ago, right around the time of my birthday (March) and it was blooming like mad, reminding me of misty springtime in San Francisco where the jasmine swarms over the backyard fences. I brought it home to my winter-dry house and it began to wither almost immediately. The open flowers perfumed the house, but buds dropped without opening and I knew it would not be San Francisco here for long.

Somehow the jasmine lived until May and I put it outside. We get a little mist here at that time of year and the plant revived. I watched it put out long vines of new growth. People told me these would bloom the next early spring.

When fall came I brought the plant inside again, but this time I gave it a new home, over the bathtub. Here I could water lavishly, spritz daily, keeping it happy until blossom time. After awhile I put it down right in the bathtub like a big sprawly green spider. Every time I went in I would give it a squirt with the shower hose, sometimes several times a day, and in the dead of winter I would admire a little San Francisco backyard right in my bathroom. I looked forward to March and blossoms for my birthday, but meanwhile I made a little California for myself and thought of my brother, who lives there.



March came and no blossoms. I thought, okay, I won't complain. I've had the fun of California Dreamin' all these months. The blossoms would just have been gravy. So in May I hung the jasmine outside again, in a shady place by our front door. We have a back door and a front door and they are both on the same side of the house. The reason for this is that we live on a steep hillside and there's only one side of the house which gives easy access to our ground-floor. When you come along our path you first encounter the backdoor, which leads through the jumble of the summer kitchen

where lives an ancient dog. If you proceed twenty feet farther along the path you come to our more gracious, less dogified front door. Here there is a little roof, various plantings, and a hanging jasmine plant.

In the summer I do still check the jasmine to see if it needs watering. Two weeks ago I stuck my finger through the slim, sturdy vines to feel the dirt. It felt odd in there, more complicated than I could understand. So I stood on tiptoe and discovered a new development: a tidy little birdnest lined with the hair of an ancient dog. It had popped up fast, since the last time I'd watered the plant, and in fact the dirt was dry. I found I could water without getting the nest wet as it was built up in the twiggery a bit, but I wondered if there were any bird attached to the nest. We all go in and out that door constantly and we hadn't been startling any birds except the phoebes on the other side of the doorway.

The next day I told Cora about the nest and held her up for a look. "There's an egg!" Sure enough, some bird had snuck in, probably during the night, and left a perfect little greenish egg with brown spots in a wreath around the large end. Now I was sure it was a junco's nest.

I think of juncos in the winter here, when they scritch on the ground like little chickens until the snow comes. Then they come in mobs to our birdfeeder, switching over from insects to seeds. Some juncos move north to breed when the warm weather comes, some stick around here, and some come here from places farther south. I can't guess about the one in the jasmine. She may be the same one that built a nest against a cut bank here earlier this summer, only to have it fill in during a minor landslide after a lot of rain.

Every night she left another egg, without our ever seeing her, until there were four. Then she began to sit and according to my books we'll have babies right about the time this story appears in the paper. So if you know jasmynes, or juncos, or San Francisco, think of us here with the buds opening at last for another jasmine birthday.

— Bonner J. McAllester



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# WILDLIFE SURVEY

## Mammals

Deer have been most widely reported, some every day in Art Hastedt's meadow and likewise in that of the Dur-yea household. A deer was killed by dogs or coyotes in the Banners' woods on Griswold Road on the night of August 4. They heard the distressing sounds and found the remains next day. David McAll-ester heard young beavers at their conversation in the fortress-like lodge at the east end of Lake Garfield at dawn August 15. Burling McAllester saw a porcupine climbing an aspen to browse on the twigs; a good many raspberry and blackberry canes have gone to nourish porcupines.

## Birds

Conrad Ohman reports that the Fish and Wildlife Service is conducting a bird inventory in Beartown State Forest. More than forty plots have been set up, and these will be monitored once a year, every spring. This year's results will be tabulated in the fall, and the inventory will continue every year.

A carrier pigeon inadvertently landed in Lake Garfield and was rescued by Lisa Moroz. It had sat by her dock recovering for a couple of hours at the time she called. Does anyone know pigeon owners in this region? Bonner McAllester once talked to some people from Springfield who were releasing carrier pigeons on the Barnum Flats.

Bird news from Loul McIntosh at Gould Farm, August 4: "The second millenium has arrived: three humming-birds at one feeder. Two content and feeding, though on the wing. The third sitting up, forward, threatening, with beak wide open. The two were not to be disturbed, though they did not sit down. When they had finished, they flew off, and then the third one fed on the wing, too. Swallows: I used to see swallows line the wires. They have a new perch: the movable TV antenna of the Gould Farm Main House. Dozens of them, content to chatter, and turn slowly with the turning antenna as if that were their due. I have a similar antenna not more than a

hundred feet away, but no, that's not IT."

Turkeys have been spotted all around town. Art Hastedt has been watching a lone hen turkey all summer, and just lately she has been accompanied by a brood of young chicks. He thinks she may have lost her first hatch, and he wonders if these young ones can mature enough to make it through the winter. He has also been watching a drama on Fair-view Road, where a turkey was raising young not far from a coyote den with six pups. A week or so ago, he found the turkeys reduced to a pile of feathers and thinks the coyotes had a lot to do with it.

Other birds reported: pileated wood-peckers, barred owls, goldfinches, indigo bunting, turkey vultures, great blue herons, American egrets (near the purple loosestrife island in the river at Housatonic), black ducks, Canada geese with young almost the size of adults now, cedar waxwings, junco nest in a hanging potted plant at Hunger Mt. Farm on Hupi Road, another in the grass under a small pine tree at Dowd Corner. Crows have been abundant this year all over town, and very vocal as they raised their families. Bluejays in the Gould Farm lilacs August 14 are a sign of imminent fall!

## Plants

Special displays along the roads: Queen Anne's lace (wild carrot), and goldenrod, and, climbing on the shrubs, wild clematis with white fluffy stars and wild cucumber with white plumy spikes.

At water's edge and damp places: jewel weed, button bush, turtle head, sweet pepper, purple loosestrife (getting publicity as a threat, with its virility, to all other plantlife!), cattails fruiting, phragmites in bloom, lesser bur reed, potentilla (shrubby cinquefoil), water polygonum, arrowhead.

Elsewhere, wild thyme (hosting a riot of bees and other insects), meadow-sweet, steeple flower, bladder campion, blueberries in fruit, sand plum and wild cherry in fruit (red and black), joe-pye weed, boneset, pearly everlasting, flowering raspberry, wood asters, St. Johnswort, wood sorrel, helleborine, bed-straw, meadow pink, still a few daisies and black-eyed Susans, bee balm, gen-

tians in bud, beachplum in green fruit.

Conrad Ohman reports a number of ash trees declining from drought conditions of recent years and from a disease called "ash yellows."

## Amphibians

The Banners' dog, Tina, loves to jump the huge bullfrogs in their pond and be deliciously startled, but not long ago she crouched nose to nose with one, and neither moved for about fifteen minutes. Their tree frogs have been deafening, especially in April, June and July. Across the country frogs have been reported as getting rare.

## Reptiles

Again from Loul: "A number of us watched a garter snake eat a frog. Slow business: head goes first; hind legs stick out for the longest time... My friendly house snake watched me this morning as I weeded... I noticed that she was breathing, not as fast as a mouse, slower than a rabbit, with her flanks pulsing. Does she do that to warm up? (It was early in the morning.)"

A garter snake was seen several times in the McAllesters' woodpile.

## Insects

Fleas have been especially bothersome on pets this summer. The milkweed under the office windows at Gould Farm has been supporting an unusual abundance of monarch caterpillars which, as of August 18, were hanging themselves up, as chrysalises, on the clapboards under the windows."

## Fungi

They're all through the woods—red, lavender, yellow, white, and there are clusters of small puffballs in the fields; Indian pipes, corral mushrooms of many different kinds. See Alice Somers' big list of last year for some of the wonderful names and join the Merry Mushroomers to learn what they are.

— David P. McAllester



## THE OBSERVER - JULY

It was a hot, wet, stormy month. Pittsfield had its second-hottest July since record-keeping began there in 1939, and the average temperature in Monterey was nearly two degrees warmer than the Pittsfield average.

The big event of the month here was a thunderstorm on the night of July 22 that seemed to last forever, more than five hours of fierce thunder and lightning. Edith Wilson's house was struck, kindling a small fire that was quickly doused, with a little help from the five-plus inches of rain that came with the storm. Our record keeper says that 5.10" of rain fell overnight, and an additional .95" fell the next day, for a twenty-four hour total of 6.05". Total precipitation for the month was a whopping 12.56", a full seven-and-a-half inches more rain than fell in Pittsfield, where precipitation was *above* normal. We got more than a quarter of our yearly average precipitation in July. Trees were burst by lightning around town, and a few computers and VCRs got fried, a reminder that it pays to unplug.

High temp. (7/7 and 7/8) .....	94°
Low temp. (7/12) .....	51°
Avg. high temp. ....	86°
Avg. low temp. ....	62°
Avg. temp. ....	74°
Monthly norm. (Pitts.) .....	68.3°
Precip. occ. ....	15 days
Total precip. ....	12.56" rain
Monthly norm. (Pitts.) .....	4.21"
High bar. press. (7/5 and 7/31) ...	30.24"
Low bar. press. (7/28) .....	29.87"
High humidity (7/8, /24, /31) .....	100%
Low humidity (7/19) .....	46%
Avg. wind speed .....	9.5 mph
High wind gust (7/5) .....	35 mph

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## LETTER FROM ZAIRE

Steve Snyder (no relation to Gould Farm Director Brian Snyder) came to Gould Farm in 1990 from Rwanda. He spent much of his childhood there at the Free Methodist Mission, where his father was a physician. Steve is fluent in the native African language as well as French and English, so his ready willing-

ness to help in that devastated country quickly found a sponsor in an agency called simply World Relief. His brother is also in Africa now, possibly back in Rwanda. The family was evacuated at an early stage of the current chaos.

The letter reproduced here was FAXed to Gould Farm from Zaire this past month. This message was followed by another with instructions for commu-

nication by E-mail. Steve and Wayne Burkhart have talked by computer several times since the date of this letter. He is expected home again sometime in early September, but nothing is certain.

An "MAF pilot" is one who flies for the Mission Aviation Fellowship; an "NGO" is a non-governmental organization; Goma and Bukavu are cities in Zaire.

Aug 13 1994 14:21:12 EDT FROM: DASNET2

MSG# 06201397-005-1

PAGE 001 OF 001

FROM: [DCJCSE]493139087

SUBJECT: FAX MSG TO GOULD FARM @ 413 528 5051 (USA)

Hello Everyone from Steve.

It's just after 8:00pm our time (7hrs ahead of you) I'm sitting in the backroom of a warehouse typing on a notebook hooked into a portable satellite telecom. system that a MAF pilot managed to get hooked up this p.m. In a word this situation is chaos and I'm not sure that the worse may not be yet to come. Since landing in Nairobi 2 weeks ago it's been pretty much constant juggling of events, personnel, schedules, legalities, opportunities... in an attempt to get resources to those most in need. Besides over 1 million refugees in the area there are Rwandan, Zaire, French, Israeli, USA... military, NGO's, UN, locals... all milling about at different speeds, directions, resources and agendas. Just speaking French and Kinyarwanda, knowing the territory, having a drivers license and representing an organization with some resources keeps me busy from am to pm talking to military, UN, churches, refugees, NGO's, govt.'s trying to coordinate and facilitate efforts. The current just went off and I can hear something crawling around in here but can't see what it is... it's a dog and it just had a seizure so I dragged it outside to get it away from the equipment. Our initial team efforts: 1) start reconciliation talks 2) support camp of 2000 3) support camp of lost kids. In the panic of the exodus many families were broken up. One lady I talked to is taking care of 7 kids hoping that someone is taking care of hers. Another woman we met with 1 month old open machete wounds was in the company of her only surviving child, the others having died of starvation and her husband lost in the fray. She was trying to make her way to a hosp. but was at end of forces. We gave her a lift. When she stood to gather her things she had to bite thumb with mouth to keep her arm from falling because of cut tendons. Sunday I went by helicopter to region I used to work, now French protected zone. In spite of Fr. much has been looted and destroyed. I returned to Goma 8/8 via Bukavu. There, more refugees every day. This risks to be repeat of Goma once Fr. leave. I was waiting replacement for Goma work today but he didn't arrive. When possible I will return south, hopefully to arrive Fr. hqts. for last coordination meeting 8/17. Dissarray is endemic; general anarchy and volatility. Slept through local firefight lastnight. Seems like efforts are very feeble in face of need. Even so would like to do the possible to help stabilize and reopen former hospital site. Early rains beginning; next month the deluge. The volcano is lighting the sky red at night but we consider it as thing of beauty and not concerned. Flights out of Nairobi to USA hard to get, currently looking at 8/24 but may not succeed; agents working on it from both sides. Save some sweet corn. If able to transmit, send Burkharts E-mail number to address above. This fax to Brian, Loul, Burkharts, Steph, Bob R. 7:53pm 8/13/94 Still, Steve.



## TALES FROM TEXAS

*Ellen Pearson, for many years Editor and Keeper of the Flame for the Monterey News, moved from Monterey with Brian Fearon to Central Texas a little over a year ago. We recently received an envelope stuffed with tales from Texas, which we will pass on in these pages over the months.*

### The Scene

On the K Bar Ranch in Central Texas, April, 1992, bluebonnets and Indian paintbrush fidget in the spring winds. A mother cow blares an anxious call from far away in the pasture. Quail sing in the brush. The old live oak grove in front of the ranch house looks disturbingly patchy. The oaks have fallen victim to Live Oak Decline, a fungal invasion spreading up from South Texas, cutting off the life juices of trees that have for a century or more been the distinguishing mark of Texas rangeland. Our grove has lost a big percent of the year-round cover of waxy green leaves that give the live oak its name and its life. The twisted limbs, some arching all the way to the ground, still evince a rough beauty, but death is in the air.

It is time to sell the K Bar Ranch. Brian and I have flown down for a conference with my brothers on how to go about it. The ranch has been on the market for the last ten years, but nobody is buying. I must have made half a dozen farewell trips to Texas during those years, bringing friends who wanted one more Wild West experience here before it is all over. We rode cow ponies on the range; we lolled among ancient fossils in Coon Creek; we drank tequila, dipped chips in salsa, watched the sunsets, then returned to the East to tell our tales.

Nobody really wants to sell the ranch, but nobody really wants to take time to



BRIAN FEARON

manage it in a way that enables it to pay for itself.

My grandfather, J. D. Kirven, bought the K Bar in 1952 when he retired from a career as a civil engineer. He said it kept him alive. He ran registered Herefords, and he ran a tight ship. He cleared the pastures of cedar and mesquite, bulldozed fireguards along all the fences, created "tanks" (water impoundments) in each pasture, improved the grasses, and fenced the barn and working pens with impenetrable grids, previously used as landing strip components in World War II. He built us a big, comfortable ranchhouse which can feed and sleep twenty people at a time, and he emblazoned the K Bar brand on everything from the chimney to the pillowcases. Those were the days.

When J. D. Kirven was still alive, a guest to the K Bar found monogrammed towels and a personal flashlight beside

each bunk, and, if necessary, was provided with a horse as well as a mounted cowboy to usher him or her through whatever cattle roundups, branding and weaning was on the schedule. It was Dude Ranching at its finest—and no charge. Visitors were given souvenir silver belt buckles, tooled leather belts, bolo ties or Zippo lighters, all bearing the K Bar brand. After a hospital stay for abdominal surgery, J. D. continued to drive cattle but traded his horse for a red Cadillac in which he bounced through the pastures, honking and hooting with the rest of us.

Those days are over. Since its heyday, the ranch has been absentee managed, overgrazed, poached on, vandalized, and, in general, soundly abused. Its fences are rotting. Its pastures are growing up in cedar, mesquite and prickly pear. It has taken on an appealing sort of wild grandeur, not unlike a virgin wilderness, or a jungle. But it can't support as many cattle

as it once did. Neither can it beckon the kind of paying guest whom many failing cattle ranches are turning to as the beef market dips and dives. That eagerly solicited guest is the Well-Heeled Sportsman. W. H. Sportsman seeks trophy deer and turkey, abundant quail and dove, wild duck and good fishing.

An overgrazed pasture can't shelter or feed enough of these treasures to justify charging a hunter for the privilege of stalking them. A "recreational ranch" must be managed to the same extent, if in slightly different ways, as a cattle ranch.

### The Action

There before us hung the K Bar in majestic limbo, its forage grasses devastated, its native flowers making a brave show. Brian and I began conversations with my brothers about aggressive approaches to ensure a sale. But as we



talked, our stern agenda began to twist and change like smoke coming off a traildriver's campfire.

Brian has always wanted to be a fishing and hunting guide. He has developed considerable skill in both sports, just for the personal pleasure of it. He has said, ever since he first saw the K Bar Ranch, that, with a little attention, it would make a fine and profitable hunting preserve. To this I inevitably replied that an enterprise of that nature would require a talented and trustworthy manager, and, even if we could find one, we couldn't afford to pay him what he was worth.

My brothers and I agree that the ranch hasn't sold because there is nobody here promoting it. The longer it languishes, the less likely it is to sell. A glimmer of a plan flickered in my mind as we all talked. What if Brian and I moved to Texas, ran a fishing and hunting business on the K Bar while we spruced it up, and, when it started looking good, actively promoted its sale? My brothers were ecstatic. I haven't lived in Texas since I graduated high school. We see each other once a year, if we're lucky. The ranch sorely needed a live-in manager. So we went for it, budgeting for two years of ranch renovation, plus a hunting and fishing enterprise, a full or partial sale in mid-1995, and a return to New England by fall of that year. We planned to arrive in Texas in July '93, which gave us a little over a year to tie up such loose ends as our organic poultry business, our horse and carriage business, various and sundry livestock and family pets, our house and farm, and Myra about to begin high school in the Berkshires.

Did we pull it off? What has it been like? Stay tuned, Gentle Reader.

— Ellen Kirven Pearson

## SATURDAY PROGRAMS IN NEW MARLBOROUGH

Three programs on Saturday evenings in September will benefit restoration of the Meeting House on the village green in New Marlborough.

On September 3 at 7:30 p.m., film makers Douglas Trumbull, Ondrej Rudavsky and Zuzana Rudovska, and the Konkapot Big Boys will show and discuss their work. On September 10 at 4:30 p.m., Bill Crofut, Chris Brubeck, and Joel Brown will make music—jazz, folk, blues, and classics. On September 17 at 4:30 p.m., *New York Times* Op Ed page editor Mitchel Levitas will host Roy Blount, Jr., Paul Auster, and Siri Hustvedt reading from their works.

To purchase (tax-deductible) tickets from \$18 for general admission, call 413-229-8485. Tickets may also be purchased at the door.

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## Small Worlds

I like to think of "roadblock" as the given name of Scott Mackenzie's legendary pig, but the word in its common meaning got some use around town this past month, along with "manhunt," tactical police," etc.—words with a corrosive effect on a fine summer day.

Against my instinct, I tried imagining the worst when I heard that police were searching for escaped convicts last seen precisely where my son was playing at camp. Would they—could they—round up a gang of kids for hostages? I ran my options for responding to this TV-seeming possibility many times over: If I go pick him up right away and the episode plays itself out uneventfully at camp, I'll probably feel silly, and he'll miss camp. If I go get him, things could just as likely work out badly. They could turn up anywhere. How would I defend us against armed or desperate fugitives? How could the police defend a roomful of kids? No good answers. Still, inaction while I had the chance at least to *be* with my kid might become the regret of a lifetime.

I called the police for information (they were reassuring as to the safety of the children at camp—big surprise), talked to my wife in Great Barrington, and visited with the neighbors, whose son was at the camp, too. In the end we decided to let it be.

Chewing all this over felt a little like playing hookey. I didn't do any ordinary work for a while, and Tuesday began as an ordinary working day. But the last thing I want is to be caught working so intently I ignore catastrophic danger bearing down.

It was still quite sunny when the convicts were caught without incident around 5:30 the same afternoon, and the crime-scene aspect lifted from every ordinary view of roads, cars, woods, and houses. What had happened? The real world of cops and robbers, highly susceptible to melodrama, overlaid on the real world of small town life, often made to look like an idyll. Here come two small-time crooks on the lam, and the

firepower reaches a warlike intensity. Fear and its mate anger rise like a bad smell, and in the aftermath we quarrel over who did what wrong, barely pausing to breathe an all's-well-that-ends-well sigh and mark our great good luck before sitting down for coffee and a talk about how to do the same thing better another time.

Lt. Risatti said that when they were caught, they seemed not to take the whole thing "as seriously as they should have." (In the end, the two were neither armed nor dangerous, evidently.) More precisely, they didn't take it as seriously as he had to in his job commanding some sinister hardware and the people trained to use it.

I talked with Michael and Kevin Ohman, and Thomas Goewey, the teenagers who were hauled out of the Ohman home and handcuffed before the police were certain they had the wrong people and place. Some were outraged by this episode, but not the boys. They said the police did their job, and well at that, meaning they were fast and forceful. They were alarmed, but never thought the police would hurt them: they hadn't done anything wrong, and they were boys man enough to take a little sudden rough handling without freaking out. Some of us who are much older could well use that brand of maturity.

But the manhunt was only one drama of contrasting worlds in town last month. People packed the church one evening for a glimpse of another world offered by

David McAllester, who talked about history and Mahican life, sang some Indian songs, and gently coaxed us to join him. He told some of the sad tales we know too well, of betrayal and injury, Indians forced from their lands by our ancestors. He talked about the Mahican world view, in which the lives of humans, bears, and beans—all plants and creatures—are seen to be sacredly interwoven, none dominant. He told a story of Mogkeontup, the boy hunter who slew stone giants, and the story of how seven hunters became stars in the constellation Big Bear. He told about finding a long lost object in a box in the attic of Peabody Museum (a wax recording of an Indian snake dance from the late eighteen-hundreds), told about present day Plains Indian music, and played a recording of the contemporary music of a Mahican in Wisconsin. The arc of the evening sprung from sad history to a hopeful present in which the world of Indian belief remains alive today. It's a world with real power, even seen through the narrowing slit of ordinary small town life with cops and robbers on the side.

The next time we need a roadblock, maybe we can resurrect Scott's pig—not to replace the police (after all, you never know when fugitives will be armed and dangerous, and nobody wants his kid yanked into the line of fire), but for spiritual support, so we don't lose the thread in the face of danger.

— Peter Murkett

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*We like to hear from our readers, and publish (nearly) anything you write us, provided you sign your name.*

August 16, 1994

Dear Contributors,

The Pan Mass. Challenge fund raiser for cancer and I would like to thank you for your contributions in the fight against cancer. My brother Richard, along with 1,600 other bikers, rode in the event from Sturbridge to Provincetown, Massachusetts, on August 6 and 7.

The weather was beautiful, sunny and cool. We all had our share of pains, flat tires and laughs. We took a ferry from Provincetown back to Boston that Sunday afternoon. It was a beautiful ride. The ocean sparkled in the sunlight, and we were escorted part of the way by three basking sharks ranging in size from 15 to 20 feet.

Your contributions thus far have totaled \$1,700. Together all the riders will raise about \$2.5 million. The money will be used at the Dana Farber Cancer Institute in Boston for research and treatment of cancer. Again, thank you for your support.

— Roger Tryon

## DOUGLAS H. LYMAN

Douglas H. Lyman, 62, of Route 23 died on Monday, July 25, at Fairview Hospital in Great Barrington.

He was born in Worcester on May 27, 1932, the son of Earle Lyman, Sr. and Harriet Richardson Lyman, and was a 1950 graduate of North High School in Worcester. He was also a graduate of the Stockbridge School of Agriculture at the University of Massachusetts.

Mr. Lyman served in the Air Force during the Korean War. After the war he lived on Cape Cod, where he was in the house building trade. He moved to Lee in 1955 when he was appointed Game Warden for Berkshire County. As a state forest and park supervisor,

he later helped reroute the Appalachian Trail in Berkshire County. He moved to Monterey in 1962 and shortly thereafter joined the Monterey Police Department, which he served as Chief for twenty-two years. From 1981 until retiring in 1993 he was employed by Fairview Hospital, Great Barrington, in security and maintenance.

Mr. Lyman was a former Scoutmaster of the Boy Scouts, Troop 39 in Southfield, and a former member of the



Lee Grange. He was also a member of the National and Massachusetts Police Chiefs Associations.

He leaves his wife, the former Edith E. Sohl, whom he married October 6, 1962; four sons, Douglas D. Lyman of Chicopee, Daniel G. Lyman of Crofton, Maryland, Darryl H. Lyman of Stockbridge, and Dale M. Lyman of Pittsfield; a brother, Earle M. Lyman, Jr. of West Dennis, and two grandchildren.

A funeral was held on July 28 at Kelly Funeral Home in Lee. The Reverend Dennis B. Ford, rector of St. George's Episcopal Church in Lee, officiated. Burial was at Corashire Cemetery in Monterey.

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## PERSONAL NOTES

Our hearty congratulations to **Mark and Mary Ram Makuc** on the birth of their first child, a daughter, Gabriella Rose, on August 4. Best wishes also to elated grandparents Henry and Anne Marie Makuc, and to all those excited aunts and uncles on Main Road!

And congratulations to **Jocelyn Barth and Connell McGrath**, proud parents of Augustus Iler McGrath, born on Friday, August 12 at 3:36 in the afternoon. The little guy started out at eight pounds, twenty-one inches long. Welcome, Augustus!

**Eleanor Kimberley** attended the New England Camera Club Conference held at UMass Amherst from July 15 through 17. Top photographers from throughout the United States and Canada shared their talents and held very exciting seminars and workshops. Eleanor often shares her work with all of us, via this paper.

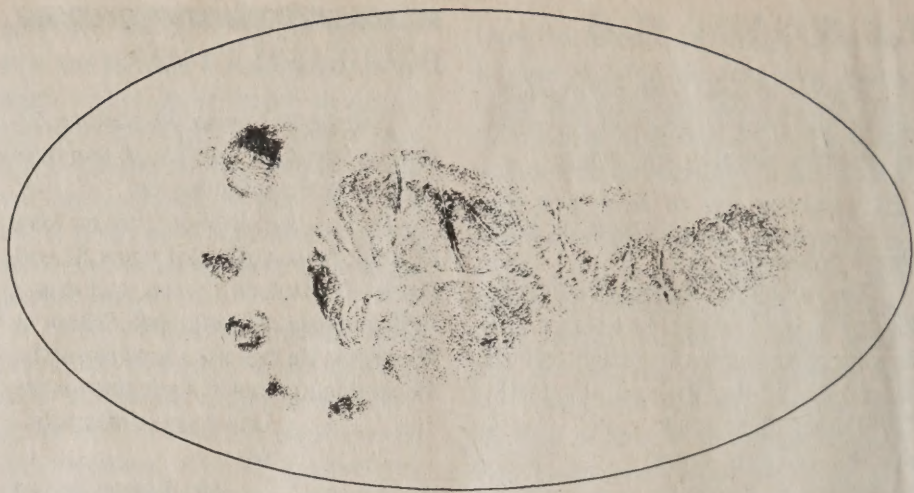
Hats off to Monterey students named to the honor roll at Monument Mountain Regional High School in Great Barrington for the fourth and final quarter. In grade twelve, **Meghan Sadlowski** made Honors, and in Grade 11, **Joshua Aerie** and **Paul Makuc** both achieved High Honors. The new school year is around the corner—keep up the good work!

Congratulations to **Rachel Rodgers**, daughter of Bud and Cathy Rodgers of Main Road, on her graduation from Miss Hall's School in Pittsfield. At the ceremony Rachel received the school's two highest awards, the Head's Award and the MEUS Honor Stat. Rachel also made the honor roll for the final semester. She will attend Wheaton College in Norton, Massachusetts, this fall, where she plans to major in history and French, and where she was invited to attend pre-season field hockey tryouts. Great job, Rachel, and best of luck!

Best wishes for a speedy recovery to **Linda Thorpe** after her recent surgery at Fairview Hospital.

**Mike Feltser** of Main Road had a delightful visit with his cousins from England, and they had a wonderful time toodling around Monterey!

Welcome back to **John and Ann**



*Augustus Iler McGrath · August 12, 1994*

**Higgins** and family, who have returned from a year in Ireland. Ann reports it was a wonderful year, and she enjoyed being near her family there.

Welcome back also to **Don and Pat Amstead**, who have returned from a most enjoyable vacation in Maine and, according to Don, "one of the best spots on earth," Nova Scotia. Now settling back in Monterey, they celebrated their return with a family dinner complete with fresh Maine lobster for everyone!

Very happy birthday wishes to **Irv Halstead** on July 26, to **Dinah Mielke** on September 2, to **Gabriele Haapanen** on September 3, to **Micole Raab** and **Katie Vallianos** on September 4, to **Michael Sawers** on September 12, to **Jeff Gauthier** on September 13, to **Christine Vallianos** on September 23, to **Ellen**

**Coburn** on September 24, to **Jamie Ziegler** on September 25, to **myself (!)** on September 26, to **Marcus Sheridan** on September 27, to **Rodney Palmer** and **Ray Tryon** on September 28, and to **Scott Sheridan** and **Susan Sheridan** on September 29.

And happy anniversary wishes to **Mark and Mary Makuc** on September 11, to **Arthur and Alice Somers** on September 12, and to **Bob and Barbara Gauthier** on September 17.

Thanks for your contributions! Please continue to share news, birthdays, etc. Simply give me a call at 528-4519, or jot down your notes and drop them in the mail to me, just Route 23. They are appreciated!

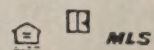
— Stephanie Grotz

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## CALENDAR

**Sundays, September 4, 11, 18, and 25**  
AA meetings, 9 a.m. in the basement room of the Monterey Grange (town offices), Main Road.

**Fridays, September 8, 23, 30** Folk dancing of all kinds led by Karl Finger, 8 p.m. at the Lenox Community Center. Contribution: adults \$6, children \$3.50.

**Saturday, September 3** Douglas Trumbull, Ondrej Rudavsky, Zuzana Rudovska, and Konkapot Big Boys show and discuss their films at the Meeting House on the New Marlborough village green, 7:30 p.m. General admission \$18, to benefit Meeting House restoration.

**Wednesday, September 7** Meeting of the Monterey Grange No. 291, 8 p.m. at the Grange Hall in the center of town.

**Saturday, September 10**

Walking tour of The Bidwell House 18th century herb garden, 2-4 p.m. Non-members, \$5; members, \$3. Rain date Sunday, September 11.

Concert with Bill Crofut, Chris Brubeck, and Joel Brown at the Meeting House on the New Marlborough village green, 4:30 p.m. General admission \$18, to benefit Meeting House Restoration.

An evening of readings by Berkshire writers to benefit the Berkshire Effort for Library Literacy, 7:30 p.m. in the Monterey United Church of Christ. Donation. For information, 528-5557.

**Sunday, September 11** Thornton

Wilder's play *Our Town* performed by the Calliope Theatre Company on the grounds of The Bidwell House. Adults, \$8; Children, \$5. Rain moves performance to Monterey United Church of Christ.

**Tuesday, September 13** Workshop on the Mass. Forest Stewardship Incentive Program at The Bidwell House, 5:30 p.m. Free of charge.

**Wednesday, September 14** Community Dinner, from 6:30 p.m. in the basement of Monterey United Church of Christ, with special guests Sweet Sing Revival.

**Saturday, September 17**

Annual plant swap sponsored by the Monterey Historical Society, 9 a.m.-1 p.m. on the library lawn, or in the church basement in case of rain.

"From Source to Sound" Housatonic River Cleanup. Call the Housatonic River Association (413-637-3188) or Joyce Scheffey (528-6785) for details.

*New York Times* editor Mitchel Levitas hosts writers Roy Blount, Jr., Paul Auster, and Siri Hustvedt reading from their works in the Meeting House on the New Marlborough village green, 4:30 p.m. General admission \$18, to benefit Meeting House restoration.

**Tuesday, September 20** Free blood pressure clinic, 9-10:30 a.m. in the basement room of the Monterey Grange (town offices), Main Road.

**Thursday, September 15** Meeting of the Southern Berkshire Solid Waste District, 7 p.m. in the Church basement.

**Saturday, September 24** Square and contradancing at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, Mass. Music by Mountain Laurel, calling by Joe Baker. All dances are taught, and beginners and children are welcome. Refreshments served at intermission. Adults \$5, children \$2. Information: 413-528-9385 or 518-329-7578.

## CONTRIBUTORS

Our thanks this month to the following readers for their support of the *Monterey News*:

Barbara & Gerry Green  
Doris McClure Humphrey  
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We invite readers to submit news items, opinions, stories, poetry, drawings and photographs. Editorial material must reach the editor by the 15th of the month before publication. For detailed information, call the editor at 528-3454.

For changes of address, or information regarding subscription to the *Monterey News*, call Susan LePrevost, Circulation Manager, at 528-4595, only during normal business hours.

For complete information about advertising in the *News*, contact the Editor at 528-3454.

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*Contributions from local artists this month: Sudi Baker, pp.12, 13, 21; Erika Crofut, p. 11; Bonner McAllester, p. 14.*

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